

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN DEAR: Want to be really, truly surprised? Here you are: Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis Young announce the engagement of their daughter, Robyn, to Edwin Augustus Peeples, of Atlanta, Ga.

Aren't you surprised? When Robyn called me up and said that she was about to make the announcement public I just gasped. She has just returned to town from their country place in Maryland and from making a series of motor trips with her folks in their handsome new car, which, by the way, Robyn has learned to run wonderfully well.

Of course, you remember who Mr. Peeples is, and I know you met him at the Country Club when you were in Atlanta last year. He is tall and blond, and one of the most popular men down there, and pretty well known all through the South. He is related to nearly every one south of the Mason and Dixon line, I believe, and just the right person for Robyn to marry, I think.

The wedding is going to be shortly after Christmas, and is going to be a large affair, with a long string of attendants and lots of out-of-town guests and all sorts of parties before for them, and done in the very hospitable "Young" style.

Shut your eyes and open your mouth. Here is a sugar plum, and it is a just reward for your patience. It is something material about the White House wedding. Of course, I appreciate your anxiety. I know you would not be so curious about it were it a real everyday wedding—something happening every year or even every few years, but when it is an event—the marriage of a President's daughter in the White House—which has happened less than a half-dozen times before in a hundred years, why, of course, one just can't be patient. But things are materializing now in perfectly delicious shape. The wedding invitations are ready to be sent out, and, whether or not they have a gold White House crest on them, as had Alice Longworth's, everybody is just dying to own one. Miss Jessie Wilson herself seems less a myth since she came down town on Thursdays and had luncheon at the Young Woman's Christian Association headquarters, and did some shopping. You know she is one of the national officers of the association, and she is so terribly interested. Then, yesterday morning I nearly expired when some one came in and told me that Francis Bowes Sayre, the fiancé, was actually in the White House. My, but how real things seemed to be getting. Then Mrs. Wilson and the very pretty Miss Bones went over to Baltimore shopping—just kind of stole away, as it were, and then Friday morning some cousins came up from New Orleans, of course, to see the wedding finery. The girls are Miss Lucie Smith and Miss Mary Smith, and are the same interesting persons whom you met at Cornish last summer, when they visited at the President's summer home. Now, Miss Susan, is not that news, and is it not worth waiting for?

Between ourselves, I am beginning to wonder about the debutantes. It seems to me that it is almost time dates were being set for their coming-out parties. So far Mary Cheen and Eleanor Carroll Morgan are the only ones who have settled upon anything.

In other cities the little season is well on, for in New York parties are being arranged for the buds who are coming out by the hundred.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Cheen are going to present Mary at a large dancet at Rauscher's on November 22, and Dr. and Mrs. James Dudley Morgan have also chosen a date in Thanksgiving week for Eleanor. She will make her initial bow at a tea at the Morgan country place, Dudley, in Chevy Chase.

Genevieve Clarke won't make a formal debut, I'm sure, but she is being considered a debut. She told me one time, or her mother did, I forget which, that she is never coming out, because she never was in, so that settles the matter. Genevieve grows prettier all the time and she is so interested and interesting. Suffrage is her latest fad, and her whole heart and soul are in it, too.

Callie Hoke Smith, the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, will be a bud this year, but she will not come out until December, because the whole Hoke Smith family is going to remain in Atlanta until then.

Margaret Britton will come out, and I had hoped that Olive Willis would, but her folks are going to Texas to spend the winter, and that settles that. Then Mrs. Moore is taking Frances abroad for a year; but still there is Eleanor Knowland, of California, and Mildred Hardy, of Texas, to depend

upon, besides a number of other Congressional girls whose names have never been heard of here before, their father's being of the new Congress. Mona McAdoo will make her debut in Washington at any rate. Do you know whether she made it in New York? I never heard.

Frances Traver, who spent last year abroad being "finished" will undoubtedly make her debut in the new house her parents are about to open at Connecticut avenue and Q street, and another Paris-finished bud will be Elaine Denegre. I was told that Elaine will make a debut first in St. Louis, Mo., and then come to Washington. The Denegres are now in Boston, I think, spending some time en route to St. Louis from the North Shore.

I thought that Beatrice Clover would be a debutante surely this season, but some one was telling me that her little cousin told them that the Clovers were going to stay abroad and spend the winter in Egypt.

It is too bad that Mrs. Clarence Moore has decided to go abroad this winter. I was hoping that Frances Moore would be presented. Another prospective, but one that won't blossom this season, is pretty little Olive Willis, whose parents have decided to spend the winter in Texas. Helen Heyl, the younger daughter of Col. Charles A. Heyl, too, has decided not to be presented this season. That is too bad, for she is so pretty and attractive and sure to be a success.

I'm told, however, that Miss Elizabeth Kibbey is returning to Washington shortly from a year spent in Japan and the East, and will bring out her niece, Gladys Kibbey.

Sir Horace Plunkett came over to America to take the cure at Battle Creek, Mich., which fact, of course, does not sound at all romantic, but there is a pretty romance in the fact that he brought over with him Lionel Smith-Gordon, the fiancé of Miss Nellie Fletcher, daughter of the Senator from Florida and Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher. The wedding day has been set for December 1, and will be solemnized in All Souls' Unitarian Church, in the afternoon. The Rev. Dr. U. G. B. Pierce, pastor of the church, and who was the pastor all during the Administration of former President Taft, will officiate. Mrs. Thomas J. Kemp, the sister of Miss Fletcher, will be matron of honor, and the best man is one of the English friends of the bridegroom, who makes his home in Canada. Miss Fletcher is charmed with the idea of her new home over the water, and will take with her many valuable gifts from her father's colleagues in the Senate and other branches of official life. She was to have had a noon wedding, but the meeting of Congress at noon made it necessary to fix the hour later in the afternoon.

It is said that the President and Mrs. Wilson and some of the Cabinet folk may go over to New York for the opening of the horse show. It is quite certain that the Russian Ambassador and Madame Bakhtmeteff will be there, for their interest in horsemanship is something marvelous. The Ned McLeans will go to New York, and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh will, it is said, attend.

In passing the Draper house, on Farragut place, on the car the other afternoon I noticed that the house is being opened, and from the spick and span appearance it has taken on, I'm led to believe that Mrs. Draper and Margaret are due very shortly. I hope Mrs. Draper remains in Washington this season, for she was terribly missed last; and the season before, you remember, she was in mourning, so Washington has not had her for really two years.

Wasn't it a shame that, after all the planning for Dorothy Gatewood's wedding to Lieut. Earl North, it had to be called off. Dorothy's grandmother was taken desperately ill and they were afraid that her death would happen any time, so they had the wedding at the house, instead of the church, on Tuesday afternoon, with just the members of the families and the bridal attendants. The bride wore her wedding gown, which was so pretty, made of satin with handsome lace, and her veil was arranged in a cap with orange blossoms, and she wore some pearls that are heirlooms, and carried a shower of lilies of the valley. The attendants wore rather unusual gowns that were original and appropriate, as well as artistic. They were of white satin, with little jackets of engineer red satin, and their caps were of white tulle with red roses, and they carried showers of Richmond roses, all suggesting the Engineer Corps, to which the bridegroom belongs. Dr. Gatewood, Lieutenant North, the best man and ushers all wore their uniforms, and as it was it was a pretty home wedding, but it would have been so brilliant in the church.



MISS BARBARA STEPHENS.

I'm sending you with this letter that pretty photograph that Barbara Stephens gave me before she went out to California, so you can see how very pretty she is. Her wedding to Lieut. Randolph T. Zane, of the Marine Corps, takes place Wednesday night at the Stephens home, in Los Angeles. It is going to be a rather small home affair, and after a trip they will go to Mare Island, San Francisco, to live. The last time I wrote, you remember, I told you who the bridesmaids were to be.

After the wedding is all over and Barbara is settled in her new home, Congressman and Mrs. Stephens will close the California house and come back to Washington for the season.

I saw Admiral and Mrs. Southerland and Harriet Southerland at the theater the other evening and I hardly recognized Harriet, for she has changed so much. She looks perfectly dandy, so well and quite a little more plump, than I remember her before.

You will not know all the news until I have told you about the going away of Mr. and Mrs. Short Adam Wills, who with their family will leave Washington the middle of the month for Texas. They have thousands and thousands of acres of land down there, and they have plans made for an adorable bungalow—not one of the bird-nest sort, but an extensive house where they can have big house parties and entertain as largely and delightfully as they have here. They have spent days in automobiling through Virginia and Maryland, studying country homes, and the other day they took a run down to famous old Gunston Hall, to see it in its restored state. The really sad thing about it is that Mr. and Mrs. Wills are going to stay down in Texas indefinitely.

No, my dear, I do not think that there is any truth in the story of the rumored engagement of Agnes Hart Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Labor. I asked her about it the other day and she said positively that it was not so.

We were all very sorry down here to see Lieut. Col. and Mrs. George Downey go to their new post. Colonel Downey was stationed here about five and a half years, and

both he and Mrs. Downey had made such a large circle of friends. The colonel is now stationed at Governors Island, and they will live in New York city.

Did you know that Mrs. Rockwood Hoar has taken a house in Boston—467 Beacon street—and she and Frances will remain there until the social season is well on? The

Hoars have such a large number of friends in Boston and Washington that they hardly know where to stay. Frances really made her debut in Boston last year before she came out here.

I saw Mrs. Thomas Musgraves on the street the other day. She is just here from Bar Harbor for a short time, seeing about her house, which the Norwegian Minister and Mme. Bryn are occupying. Just where she will spend the winter I do not know and I did not get a chance to ask.

What will Washington do without the John Hays Hammonds and the Edson Bradleys? Both families are taking apartments in New York this winter. Mrs. Hammond, who just purchased the wonder residence of Mrs. Pullman, in Sixteenth street, last spring, will rent it and the Bradleys are closing their house. I just hope they get homesick for Washington and come back before the season is over, and everyone is predicting that they will, too.

Mrs. Wilson has won the hearts of the board of the House of Mercy. They are planning for a benefit entertainment on the afternoons of November 25 and 26 at the Columbia Theater, and they sent an invitation to Mrs. Wilson to attend, forgetting that the 25th was the date of the White House wedding, and when they got a response it was to the effect that Mrs. Wilson would gladly come on the 26th, but, of course, another important engagement prevented her accepting for the first day. They were so glad to think that at such a busy time she could promise them an afternoon.

By the way, you would enjoy this entertainment, which is rather unique and original. Mrs. Henry Wood, of Baltimore, is arranging a tableaux of the "Angels of Art," and all the celebrated pictures of the old masters, classics, etc., will be represented with musical interpretation.

About sixty girls in Washington society are being asked to take part, and it is causing lots of merriment among the young girls, for they all want to be angels.

My, but the marriage of Katharine Elkins and Billie Hitt gave society folk a jar. Why the old friends of the late Senator and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins would not believe it. They said it could not be, because they had not received a previous announcement, which, of course, would have been the case. But then they reckoned without the handsome hostess in this case—the bride—who declared to her girl friends that if she ever married, it would be in exactly the hurry-up manner in which it was done. The three Kates were there, Katharine Elkins, Katharine Brown Barnett, and Katharine Britton. For years, really ever since she was a tiny girl, Mrs. Hitt had promised her cousin, Katharine Brown Barnett, that she should be her bridesmaid, and it must have been a terrible

disappointment when Mrs. Blaine Elkins served as matron of honor in her stead. The house will be all ready for Mr. and Mrs. Hitt when they return to town to live, for the bridegroom saw to it that a charming residence was built and furnished just according to the desires of the bride, before the exact wedding day was really known to either. Now Mrs. Billie Hitt, who has shown such tenderness for her mother since the death of her father will be able to step into her mother's house on a moment's notice, while she could really speak to her mother-in-law from the windows of her house. Now, with the Hitt house open and the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry all in running order, I can promise you all sorts of nice entertainments during the late winter.

I entirely forgot to tell you that a special room was included in the plans of the new Billy Hitt house for keeping intact all the bewildering lot of hunting and riding trophies which you saw in her boudoir in her mother's house, in K street. There are crops, cups, brushes, blue ribbons, and, in fact, almost everything that one could give as a prize to the best horsewoman in America. Then Katharine Hitt has a perfectly splendid collection of hunting pictures, and the room will be fairly lined with those.

I'll bet you are not in it up there where you are, as far as cute little fads are concerned. I'm sure wearing ballet slippers to the theater hasn't reached you yet. That's what they are doing here. Really, I saw several the other evening as I stood in front of the theater myself. Maybe they were going to a tango party afterward, but—

Another engagement which delighted us all beyond measure was that of Henrietta Bates McKee, or Mrs. McKee Dunn McKee, to Frederick H. Brooke, of Washington. One of the nicest things about the wedding will be that it will bring a favorite back to Washington after more or less of an absence since her former marriage to the late Mr. McKee. Mr. Brooke's sailing for Europe to join Mrs. Alfred E. Bates, who, you know, is the mother of Mrs. McKee, and Henrietta leads to the rumor that the ship which brings them over just before the middle of the month will bear on its register the names of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, instead of three different names. My, but the Bates-McKee wedding was a charming event, every one of official or social rank going, and the church was fairly teeming with titles and all that.

Having done my duty as I see it and told you everything that I think will interest you, and having used up every speck of my best stationery, I will now say adieu to you. Always yours,

Jean Eliot
Style Center of the City

We Court Comparison

Leverton's
1106 G St. Next to Cor. 11th

Make Your Selections From the Thousands of
Suits, Coats, Dresses
at the House of Fashion—Every Style and
Fabric Shown in New York

SUITS

Everything new and smart—tomorrow
\$19.75, \$25, \$32.50, \$39.50
Worth \$10 to \$20 more.

COATS

For Street, Afternoon, and Evening Wear.
All the wanted styles and fabrics.
\$15, \$20, \$25, \$30
Values \$20 to \$45.

Special Offering of
\$50.00 DRESSES \$25

For Street, Afternoon, and Evening wear.
Many materials, exceptional values.

MILLINERY

Clever creations by our own experts.
SPECIAL, "One-of-a-kind" models.....
\$6.50



Furs—With An Absolute Guarantee

Wear our furs. Compare them with the best elsewhere, and if you don't think they're better at the prices asked bring them back and get your money. This is a real guarantee—not an evasive one.